

P O E M S

2
C.J.Z. 12.21.

ON

2

V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S,

BY JAMES FISHER.

Whae'er thou critic be
That reads my harmless glee,
And will my faults there see,
See thou of such be free;
If not in some degree,
Speak favour'ble of me,
An' this 'ill be thy fee—
Some shall speak weel of thee.

D U M F R I E S :

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P R E F A C E.

IT without doubt is, has been, and will continue to be, a general observation, that scarce one book, if any, ever yet came to the public but what has had its commenders, friends, foes, and critics. Of the latter class, probably, this will have a number ; however, the Author intends to submit it to the public candour. Critics, into whose hands it may fall, will do well to consider, that the following Poems are chiefly the effect of a natural genius, the Author having been deprived of sight, by means of the small-pox, when about two years of age ; neither was he favoured with that degree of education, which even in such circumstances he might have been capable of. These things, to the candid, he hopes, will be a sufficient apology for any incorrectness, or want of elegance, which may appear through the whole.

Having said this, the Author presumes it may not be altogether unnecessary to observe, that some of the following pieces are of a novel, and others of a satirical strain; to the title of each piece of the former nature are prefixed the letters *Nov.* and to those of the latter *Sat.* that the most illiterate may distinguish them from matters of fact. All that he would further advance, by way of preface, is the verse in the Title-page, to which he refers the reader.

Before he concludes, he returns his sincere thanks to those Gentlemen who have been diligent in procuring him Subscribers; likewise to his generous Subscribers themselves, of whom, he assures the reader, there is a considerable number; and, as far as he knows, they are all people of character, and many of them of no small degree of learning.

T H E
C O N T E N T S.

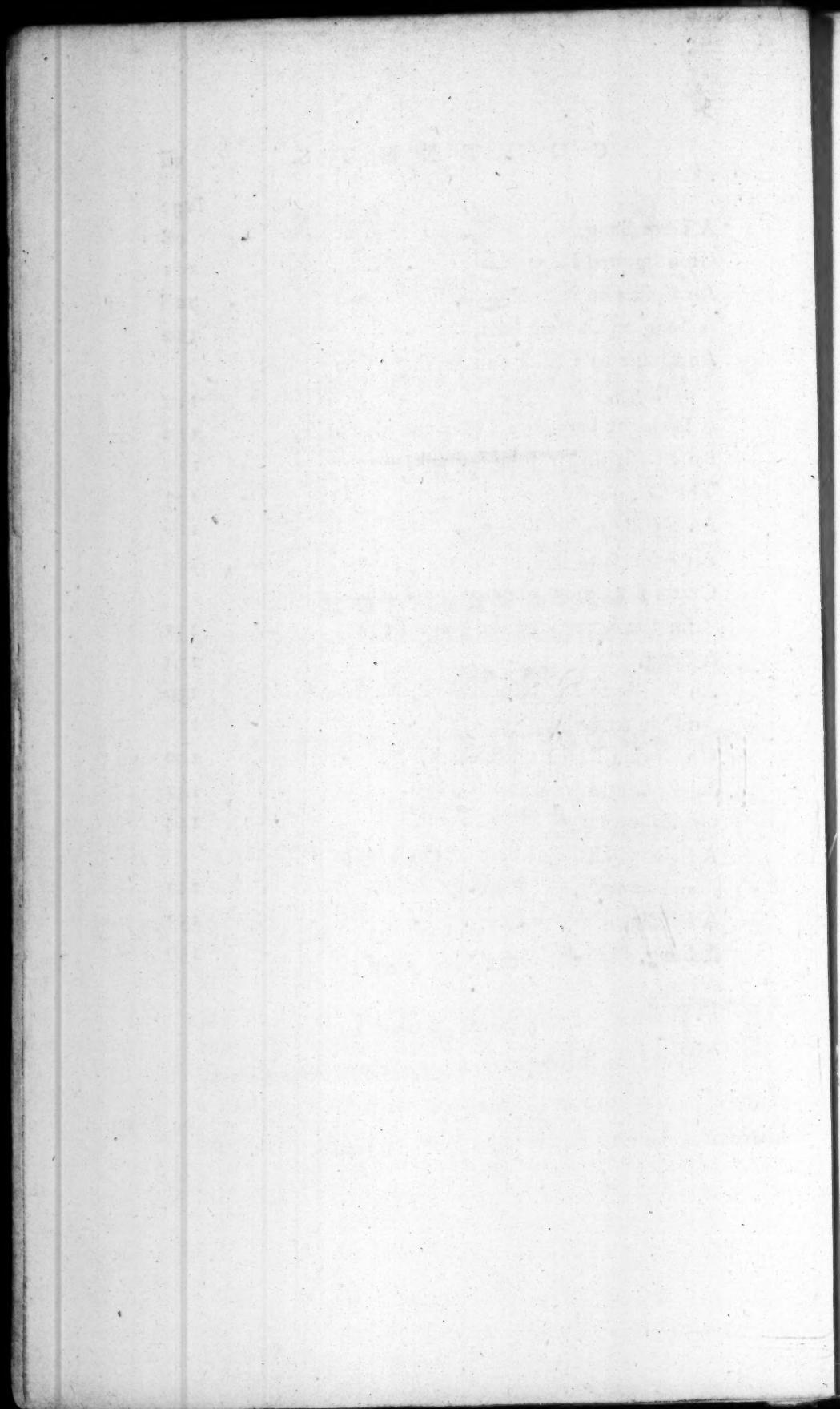
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P O E M S
ON
V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S.

A N
I L L U S T R A T I O N
O F T H E
P A R A B L E O F T H E L O S T S H E E P .

In Four Parts.

PART I.

On the Sheep's wandering from the fold.

T H E sheep forbidden ground espies,
With fair false grass which tempts its eyes,
To taste the same it longeth much,
Could it know how to come at such.

B

At last, by stealth it gets away,
And on forbidden ground doth stray ;
Though fear'd at first, it now grows bold,
When it is quite out from the fold.

Free from restraint it feels it is,
So roams in barren wilderness,
And deserts wild, without concern,
And never dreameth once of harm ;

Till on a sudden rocks appear,
And storms which threaten danger near ;
The tempting grass has lost its sweet,
Which troubles much the silly sheep.

It hears the foxes loudly yell,
Which gives it grief that none can tell :
It looks if so it may espy
Its shepherd—but no shepherd's nigh !

The thunders roar ; the rain doth fall ;
It knows not what to do at all.
We'll leave it in this dreadful plight,
With nought but terror in its sight.

P A R T II.

*On the SHEPHERD's seeking and finding the
SHEEP.*

NEXT for some moments let us view,
The tender-hearted shepherd now,
Who feels for losing of the sheep,
And anxiously doth for it seek.

The hundredth number precious was
In ancient days, which was one cause
The shepherd leaves the ninety-nine,
The straying sheep to seek and find.

And now he runs from height to height,
To see if it be in his sight,
And calls aloud to vales below,
To see if it his voice will know.

Thus having call'd, but all in vain,
He leaves his flock upon the plain,
And through the desarts wild doth go
With heart possess'd with care and woe;

At all enquiring on the way
If they did see a sheep astray :
At last, in danger he doth spy
His sheep,—then on it he doth cry.

The sheep now hears his well-known voice,
Which doth its little heart rejoice ;
So now essays to come, but—’las !
Long straying feebled hath its pace.

The shepherd this with pity sees,
So runs and it from danger frees,
And on his shoulders doth it lay ;
Rejoicing much, he comes away

Into the fold, and sets it down,
And calls his friends and neighbours round—
Saying to them, rejoice with me !
My sheep once lost is found, you see,

P A R T III.

*Shewing how a Sinner, like the Sheep, wanders
from the paths of virtue.*

THE sinner sees forbidden ways,
And doth with pleasure on them gaze ;
And longeth much to taste the bait,
Could he but make his conscience quiet.

At length desires keenly rise,
And closely shut his conscience's eyes,
So ventures on the tempting sweet,
Which doth him more and more invite.

His lusts he follows at his ease,
Now, and commits what sins him please,
So forward goes without concern,
And never dreameth once of harm ;

Till on a sudden doth appear
Trouble, which puts his soul in fear ;
His conscience now begins to wake,—
He sees his all is at the stake.

Now sin hath lost its gaudy wing,
And like an adder sore doth sting ;
He sees pursuing him that road,
The vengeance of an angry God.

Loud thunder in the law he hears,
These bitter curses in his ears ;—
“ Cursed is he continues not
“ To do all in the law that’s wrote.”

The Devil thus him doth accost,
Give over hope for all is lost.
Thus he is tempted to despair
By him, the Prince who rules the air.

We’ll leave him in this dreadful plight,
With nought but horror in his sight.

P A R T IV.

Shewing how the LORD seeks and finds a Sinner.

THE elect by the Lord alone,
Who is most high, are all well known,
In due time he the same will call,
And they by Christ come to him shall.

So God, in whom compassions flow,
Sees this man's grief,—pities his woe ;
And sends his word and gospel free,
To seek and find him speedily.

And thus to him the Lord doth say,
“ The wicked let forsake his way,
“ And the unright'ous man also,
“ His evil thoughts each one let go,

“ And turn unto the Lord, and he
“ Will mercy surely have on thee—
“ And to our God, who surely will
“ Abundantly forgive thy ill.”

The sinner knows himself so much,
He doubts this call is not for such,
That he may not stand back for sin,
God calls to reason thus with him :—

“ Although thy sins as scarlet show,
“ They shall be made as white as snow,
“ And though they be as crimson red,
“ They shall be like the wool indeed :

“ He that doth come needs never doubt,
“ For him in no wise I'll cast out.”
The sinner hears this gospel free,
And so no longer doubteth he ;

But straight resolves, in tears of woe,
Believingly to Christ to go.
Although he griev'd for sin before,
It was upon a diff'rent score.

Hell's terrors then made him afraid,
They only did make him dismay'd,—
Now his perplexity of mind
Runs in a very diff'rent line :

He sees he has the Lord above
Offended, who did him thus love,
To send his Son to bleed and die
For him, this makes him deeply sigh:

Each of his heavy groans God hears,
And in his bottle puts his tears,
And runs to him with kind embrace,
And with these words doth him solace:

" Thy sins, man ! be forgiven thee !
" No more they shall remember'd be ;"
Then strength to him the Lord doth give,
And makes him more and more believe.

So in the everlasting way,
He walks who formerly did stray :
To see this change, angels of light
Rejoice in heav'n with all their might ;

More than o'er ninety-nine, indeed,
Just ones who no repentance need.

ON A

T H U N D E R S T O R M,

Which happened on the 28th of August 1781.

WHEN Phœbus had from us withdrawn
His rays and beams of light,
And darkness with her sable hand
The curtain drawn o'er night;

Soundly wrapt up in sweet repose,
All nature seem'd at once—
But, on a sudden, clouds arose,
And terrors did advance,—

Which soon did break the bands of sleep,
The thunders then did roll
Among the clouds, which did excite
Alarms in ev'ry soul.

No slumb'ring then—but fear and dread
Had seiz'd each doubting mind ;
The lightning often made indeed,
That night like day to shine.

The thunders loudly then did roar,
The clouds about did dash ;
The rain in torrents down did pour,
While lightnings fierce did flash !

Great was the scene—describe 't none can,
But such as heard and saw,—
When it is minded, ev'ry one
Ought sure to stand in awe,

Of the great God that is on high,
Who doth the cedars tear,
And who that night his majesty,
Made greatly to appear.

The storm continued for some time,
And then dispell'd away.
When that night we do call to mind,
We ought the judgment day,

Which surely doth await us all ;
(We have need to take care !)
That night to us did loudly call,
For that day to prepare.

For what if judgment do draw near,
And we not ready found,
And so be called to appear
By the last trumpet's sound?

With horror sinners from their tombs,
Will rise with trembling limbs,
Because are filled all their bones
With heinous youthful sins.

While angels drag them yelling on,
They'll dolefully entreat
The rocks and mountains ev'ry one;
Though they were ne'er so great;

On them to fall, and hide them from
(Thus they'll cry ev'ry one !)
The face of Him upon the throne,
And the face of the Lamb.

Their entreaties will be in vain,
When plac'd on God's left hand;
He'll give their final sentence then,
Which no one alter can.

Then will they dragg'd be to hell,
Where their worm will not die;
Their mis'ry no tongue can tell,
'Tis to eternity!

Great horrors there with anguish take
Fast hold, with perfect dread,
On them, which will their mis'ry make
All thoughts of men exceed.

Let these considerations small
Put us upon our guard,
Lest in a careless state we fall,
And by sin be ensnar'd.

A H Y M N**R E D E E M I N G L O V E.**

ALL servants of the Lord give ear,
Join me with one accord,
Let holy mirth your spirits cheer,
And praise the highest Lord !

It well becomes us all indeed,
His praises to proclaim ;
Because his love doth far exceed
The highest angel's strain.

Thy matchless love to us, O Lord !
It passeth knowledge, so
Doth testify thy holy word,
If we it right did know.

It would make us from sin recoil,
And unto life repent,
And soft make, as with olive oil,
Our hearts of adamant.

How greatly did the Lord above,
His kindness all display
To man, in his redeeming love !
Without doubt we may say,

That were the whole creation tongues,
And to eternity
Were to sing loud triumphant songs,
They could not magnify

Fully the matchless love of God,
Who sent his Son to die,
And for us bear that dreadful load
Which we did under lie.

Great was the love Christ to us bare ;
O matchless ! sure, in this,
To leave the Father's bosom dear,
And mansions of bliss,

In Mary's womb conceiv'd to be ;
Humility, indeed !
Within a stable born was he
Where th' ox and ass did feed !

Was there none to attend his birth,
But oxen lowing by ?
Amazing sight ! to see on earth,
God in a manger lie !—

Ye heav'ns and earth astonished stand ;
Sun, moon, and stars of light ;
Saints, angels, cover ev'ry one
Your faces at the sight.

O Bethleh'm town ! O, why did'st thou
No better room afford !
O, why among the beasts could you,
Thus lay our highest Lord !

Whom angels worship, saints adore,
And devils dread his name ;
Was e'er the like heard of before !
Bethleh'm ! Bethleh'm ! think shame.

A humble life he for us led,
And bore our sorrows all,
That through eternity we glad
Might be, and with him dwell.

It was the weighty wrath of God,
Our Saviour for us bore,
That made him sweat great drops of blood,
Within the garden sure.

He in our room a surety stood,
That Justice might not los ;
He did shed all his precious blood
On Calv'ry's bloody cross :

So fully paid the debt which we
In Adam did contract,
And for the sins did satisfy,
Which we ourselves did act.

Then who can fully tell the love,
Made him for us thus die ;
He rose again, and now above
Our advocate on high.

All glory, honour, pow'r and praise,
And majesty divine,
From this time henceforth, and always,
Be Lord for ever thine !

Who did bestow such matchless love,
On us for ever more :
Here and hereafter, Lord ! above,
Thy goodness we'll adore.

H O L Y D E S I R E S.

O LORD, my God, my heart to cleanse,
Come in thy saving grace,
And work in it a thorough change ;
O ! make it a fit place,

For thee, O God ! in it to dwell ;
Come in thy grace and might,
And cleanse it from the filth of hell :
Make all my darkness light !

Let no iniquity within
My heart and soul remain ;
Let enmity, and seeds of sin,
By thee, O Lord ! be slain.

Make wickedness from me depart,—
Command, Lord, and it shall ;
O soften, Lord, my stony heart,
And root sin from it all.

No lodging place within my mind,
For vain things let there be,
But in their room put things divine,
For such will profit me.

The lameness of my soul amend ;
O Lord, my God, this do !
That I may answer my chief end,—
Its faculties renew.

My understanding, gracious Lord,
Do thou enlighten so,
That I may understand thy word,
And savingly it know.

A tender conscience make me, and
A conscience ever still
Void of offence to God and man,
Approving of thy will.

To bad things short my mem'ry, Lord,
 Make, but do it increase
In all that's good, to mind thy word,
 Thy love and promises.

Evil to shun, but good to do,
 O Lord, my will incline !
O make it cheerfully to bow
 To that, O Lord, of thine.

Warm my affections all with love
 And gratitude to thee ;
Make me set them on things above,—
 There let my treasure be !

When thus my heart by thee's made pure,
 Let it be thy abode ;
O let it be for ever sure
 Thy habitation, God !

Both King and Lord be thou in it ;
 Let none there reign but thee :
O write thy holy law in it !
 Let my delight there be,

PRAISE FOR BEING BORN IN BRITAIN.

THE blessings great and many be,
Arising from my birth,
In this fam'd island of the sea ;
O happy spot of earth !

Here words of sweet salvation found,
And streams of mercy flow ;
Here Christian liberties abound,
And knowledge still doth grow.

As did the pious Psalmist say,
So I may truly tell,—
“ The happy lines unto me they
“ In pleasant places fell.”

That I was born in Britain's ifle,
Praise to the Lord most high ;
And not among the Indians wild,
Possess'd with cruelty ;

Who never heard of saving grace,
Nor moral law did read ;—

Such people 'bove the brutal race
But little are indeed.

To stocks and stones they down do fall,
Some of them worship too
The Devil, that no hurt at all
He ever may them do.

Then surely now, with all my might,
The Lord I ought to praise,
Who cast my lot in midst of light,
And glorious gospel days.

O that I may improve the same,
Which God make me, I pray,
That heathens wild may not condemn
Me on the judgment day.

Who never heard the gospel news,
Proclaim'd to them at all,
And therefore never did refuse
The glorious gospel call.

VERSES FOR CHILDREN.

I. *On waking out of Sleep.*

BLEST be the Lord, I see the light
Again of a new day,
And in my sleep to hell last night,
Have not been sent away :

To suffer there for all my ill ;
By comfort all forsaken ;
But thanks to God, who good is still,
I yet in mercy waken.

II. *On rising out of Bed.*

May I from all my sins arise,
Unto a life of grace,
And earnestly, to win the prize,
Run on my Christian race.

III. *On putting on Cloaths.*

May my poor soul now clothed be
With my Lord's right'ousness,

And wear unto eternity,
These robes of richest dress ;

That of my naked soul, the shame
May never more appear :
O that I may, I say again,
These robes for ever wear !

IV. *On washing in the Morning.*

May my poor soul now washed be
From all my guilt and sin,
In my Lord's blood, that God may see
No filth my soul within.

V. *On going to Meat.*

O may my soul upon that bread,
That cometh from above,
This day, and still for ever feed :
Lord, make me in thy love !

VI. *On going to School.*

O may I learn, that I may know
My duties ev'ry one,

Which I should do to God, also
Those I should do to man :

And do the same when I them know,
And that without delay,—
For this unto the school I'll go ;
For this I'll daily pray.

VII. *On Play.*

Why should I waste my time in play,
And with vain children roam ?
I'll rather walk in wisdom's way,
And soberly go home.

VIII. *On putting off Cloaths at Night.*

O may my soul be stript of sin,
So shall I safe down lie,
And happy be, though I wake in
Endless eternity !

IX. *On going to Sleep.*

O Lord, send down to guard my head
Angels, while I repose ;
In hopes thou wilt do this indeed,
My eyes I now do close.

*An ELEGY on the worthy Mr NATHANIEL
M'KIE, late Minister of the Gospel in the parish
of Crossmichael.*

STOP ev'ry one who passeth by,
And look and tell that here doth lie,
A minister, whose match was rare,
Who of good talents had great share.

With most men he a match could be,
For preaching, wit, or poetry.
A pattern good thou did'st us give,
When thou upon this earth did'st live ;

Which to thy mem'ry will be told,
Though in the clay thou now lie'st cold :
Preachers like thee there are but few,—
A pious course thou did'st pursue.

Virtue and truth were still thy aim,
But worldly honour did'st disdain.
Thy charity and love was great,
Crossmichael parish can relate ;

And say of thee, since thou art gone,
The poor have lost a daily fund.
When tired much with study, thou
Harmless diversion did'st pursue :

Oft times a-fishing thou did'st fail,
Smooth Dee upon, the perch to hale.
In winter time when days were clear,
And pleasant Dee did fully bear,

Thou would'st on ice with harmless play,
In pleasure pass the winter day :
Insipid these amusements prove,
Since thou art dead who did'st them love.

No more smooth Dee thou'l fish upon,
Nor on its ice wilt play a stone ;
Thou to the heav'nly Canaan's past,
We hope, where pleasures ever last ;—

Where love and peace, and joy abound,
No jars nor discord there are found,
But hallelujahs ever more,
Where faithful saints do join the choir.

A N O D E

O N T H E

G R A V E.

L E T us retire to the grave,
And that bed-chamber view ;
The young, the old, the bold and brave,
Lie here in silence now.

The kings and nobles of the earth,
Whom scarlet did array,
Who spent their days in ease and mirth,
Lie cold here in the clay.

Ev'n those who did possess large bags,
And sums of yellow gold,
With beggars who had scarcely rags
To keep them from the cold.

The servant from his master free
Was made, when he possess'd
This bed,—and here the weary be
In silence deep at rest.

And here the solemn oath is broke,
(Which did together bind,
The lovely pair in wedlock's yoke,)
And ever out of mind.

The warrior here his fword lays by,—
Here all contentions cease ;
And ancient foes together lie,
In silence here and peace.

The flow'r of beauty from the face,
Doth in this house decay,—
For worms within this silent place,
Of all flesh make a prey.

The rosy lip and rolling eye,
(Once beautiful indeed !)
Are here consumed utterly,
By worms which on them feed.

The right'ous and the wicked here,
In silence lie together,
But when the judgment doth appear,
Good angels will them sever.

Among the right'ous, O may I
Be found upon that day!
Caught up to meet the Lord on high,
And be with him alway.

*An ELEGY on the worthy Mr JAMES GATT,
late Minister of the Gospel in the Parish of
Gratney, who died in the year 1787.*

FROM earth to heav'n the other day,
A saint indeed did take his way,
If you do ask me who was that,
I answer it was worthy GATT ;

Who did his Lord and Master serve,
In Gratney parish, now observe,
His character as I proceed,
(A worthy character indeed !)

Up from his youth, who could it stain ?
He still was free from greed of gain ;
Gratney can witness this is true :
His glebe, although of acres few,

He to a widow poor did let
For a small rent ; if he could get
His daily bread, he car'd no more,—
His wealth lay on a distant shore.

He worldly honours did despise,
Like chaff upon the street that lies ;
Only ambitious still was he
For meekness and humility.

Yet honour he to all did pay,
As much as many in his day ;
His Master's work was his chief care,
In which he did his talents rare

Lay out, that souls might saved be
By his great Master's gospel free.
He to win souls to Christ was wise,
He sought them more for to entice

By gentleness, than by constraint ;—
Gratney for him may all lament.
A duty unto them at large,
Most faithfully he did discharge.

The things he taught and preached, he
By his walk did exemplify.
On sp'ritual things he was so set,
That temp'rals he did oft forget.

While he liv'd in this house of clay,
We with propriety may say,
He liv'd both in the earth and heav'n ;
Think not too great a stretch is giv'n.

Had you but seen his heav'nly frame,
You surely would have judg'd the same ;
Now he's gone there for evermore,
We hope, to join the happy choir,

In that triumphant heav'nly song,
(For which, when here, he much did long,)
Of Moses and the Lamb for aye :
Thrice happy Gatt ! we now may say,

Who all thy works on earth reap'st there,
In perfect joy, beyond compare.

*On laying the Foundation Stone of Ochiltree New
Church, in May 1789.*

HERE in this pleasant month of May,
While many did look on,
Free masons, of this church did lay
The first foundation stone.

Boswell, Esquire of Auchenleck,
With Crawford of Polwharn,
And our fam'd pastor, much respect
To this did pay we learn.

These all met on the sixteenth day,
With numbers in this place,
That stone in order for to lay,
Which sure they did with grace.

The larks did sing, all nature round
Rejoic'd, as if to see
This work; when they came to the ground
Where this church built should be,

Our pious pastor, Mr Grant,
An introduction gave,—
He said, rejoice might ev'ry saint
That did in Britain live ;

That they could worship the Most High,
And build unto his name
Churches, and none externally
To fright them for the same.

Thus with our fathers 'twas not so,
In many ages past ;
But now to us sweet streams do flow
Of liberty, at last.

Then Boswell, who for masonry,
Much fam'd is in this land,
For our king's late recovery
Laid, as we understand,

A medal : the foundation stone
Above it he did lay,—
Then to all those that did look on,
He spoke and thus did say :

Mind that this stone you have seen laid,
And tell it to your seed.
After that Boswel thus had said,
Our pastor did proceed

To pray'r, and did the blessings great
Acknowledge thankfully,
That were conferr'd on church and state,
By Him who is Most High.

And likewise did pray fervently,
That race still unto race,
Might hear the gospel faithfully,
Preach'd to them in that place :

That the chief corner stone upon,
They all built up might be.
Thus this church's foundation stone
Was laid most solemnly.

Now may the church within our land,
Increase and flourish still,
And many sons have by the hand,
Who take her ever will ;

And her defend from foxes vile,
Who spoil the little vines,
Not only here, in Britain's isle,
But through her utmost lines.

May she still fill'd with pastors be,
Who by the door come shall,
And still from hirelands aye be free,
Who over climb the wall.

Such, when the wolf doth come, will fly,
And 'bout the sheep not care ;
To help them o'er the rampart high,
The patron is a stair.

O may that stair be broken down,
And built no more again ;
Let all the church with joy resound,
And echo back, Amen !

Soon may that blessed season be,
When Ethiopia shall
The gospel light most gladly see,
And change her spots withal,

And all the earth be overspread,
As waters do the sea,
With knowledge of our God, then glad
The people all shall be.

Then shall our pastors faithful prove,
And wars alarms shall cease,
And all the nations live in love,
In harmony and peace.

Then swords shall turn'd be to plough-shares,
Spears into pruning hooks ;
Each soul this happy season chears,
Who forward to it looks.

The people blessed much will be,
Who see these glorious days ;
Because they're promis'd faithfully,
Let all the church give praise.

*An ELEGY on Mr MATTHEW DINGWAL,
late Dancing-master in Dumfries, who died in
the year 1783.*

YE muses mourn, while I relate
That Matthew Dingwal's gone,
And left this poor imperfect state,
For perfectness alone.

He was a young man in his prime,
But death him did not spare ;
And few young men were in his time,
That with him could compare.

Virtue did in his actions shine,
While calmness fill'd his breast ;
And such a calm unruffled mind,
Few men, like him, possess'd.

He was by all lov'd who him knew ;
He well behaved still.
The calling he was of, there's few
His room and place can fill.

His carriage unto all was meek ;
He would not give offence :
To high and low behaved meet.
His manners sprang from sense.

His thoughts more elevated were,
While he liv'd on this stage,
And clos'd in nobler ends by far
Than many of the age.

But now, alas ! he's dead ; what then ?
Do all his virtues die ?
No, no, some of them still remain,
Which please both ear and eye.

When on this earth that he did dwell,
He music well did love,—
And now 'tis to be hop'd by all,
He joins the choir above.

2. H. A. D.

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*On his Majesty KING GEORGE the Third's happy
recovery, in the year 1789.*

FU' blyth ye Scottish bards resoun',
About *Auld Reekie's* ingle,
The news that's come frae *Lon'on* toun,—
Let nae glooms intermingle.
Wha su'd be *Regent* for the croun,
Was like t'have been a pingle,
But now our *King's* grown hale and soun',
Gar a' the muses gingle,
For joy this day.

Sae Scotland now be blyth an' sing ;
Hills kep the blythsome strain ;
Ye echoes, gar the tidin's ring
Through ilka Scottish plain.
Fu' fast may thae glad news tak' wing
Out o'er the raging main,
That Europe a' may ken this thing—
Great George again doth reign,
In health this day.

On Britain blew a gurly blast,
Whilk gied for fears occasion ;
Her King was into trouble cast,
Whilk gied her great vexation :
But now the storm is gane an' past,
As we hae intimation,
An' blythsome spring is come at last,
Wi' glad news to our nation.

Hail, happy day !

He's welcome to the throne again,—
Lang may he thrive and dow !
Although our language be but plain,
Our hearts wi' gladness glow.
Lang may he Britain's rights maintain,
An' claw an auld king's pow !
Lang may he hae a prosp'rous reign,
An' blessings on him row,
Fu' great this day !

But may his faes by him be wrought,
And brought into confusion,
E'en they wha on his rights e'er thought
To mak' the least intrusion.

And now, the King of kings we ought
To thank for the effusion,
Of bliss to Britain, and who brought
Our fears to this conclusion.

Hail, happy day!

*ODE on the first of May 1789, with a Reflection
on his MAJESTY's happy recovery.*

THE vi'lets now do sweetly spring,
The little lambs do play,
And on the trees the birds do sing,
And vocal make each spray.

In this blest season of the year,
Sweet May the eighty-nine,
The hills and dales with flow'rs appear,
While Phœbus bright doth shine.

Each meadow green and blooming thorn,
Declare the snows are past ;
All nature smiles, and laughs to scorn
Stern winter's nipping blast.
G

This spring Britannia may record,
(From trouble and from pain,)
In it her king he was restor'd
Unto her arms again,

Her royal rights for to defend ;
Britannia's bards should sing,
And joyfully their voice extend,
In praises for that thing.

The BANKRUPT'S ADVICE to his Friends.

S A T I R E.

MY friends and my acquaintances,
To whom I do wish well,
How I have rais'd my fortune now,
The truth to you I'll tell ;—

And learn you how to raife yours too,
If you will it conceal,
For who would be an honest man,
A bankrupt lives so weel.

I once was very poor indeed,
And scarce had shillings three ;
Although the devil he be ill
He was a friend to me :

For up the hill of Covetous,
He taught me for to speel,
Then who would be an honest man,
A bankrupt lives so weel !

He show'd me men of wealth, and gave
Me a covetous eye,
And said it was just my own blame
That I was not as high.

Which by experience, at length,
I did begin to feel,
Then who would be an honest man,
A bankrupt lives so weel !

To trafficking I then began,
And dealt in kine and sheep ;
The devil told me, for a while
My credit for to keep.

The de'il's advice I strove to take,
My knav'ry to conceal,
For who would be an honest man,
A bankrupt lives so weel!

I borrowed from diff'rent hands,
My credit to maintain,
And did not stick to swear great oaths,
I honesty did mean.

I carefully their int'rest paid,
(I only mean a while,)
For who would be an honest man,
A bankrupt lives so weel!

When to the farmers I did go
Their cattle for to buy,
I was not sticking at a price—
I always bade them high;

They thought I was the lad for them,
They kept them all for Neil,
Then who would be an honest man,
A bankrupt lives so weel.

I open handed to the poor
Was for to raise my fame,
For this was no bad way, I thought,
To purchase a good name.

And often seem'd religious too,
My knav'ry to conceal,
For who would be an honest man,
A bankrupt lives so weel!

Scarce any e'er suspected me
I was an honest man ;
And who had money by them got,
Put it into my hand.

I for a while their int'rest paid ;
They thought I was true steel ;
But who would be an honest man,
A bankrupt lives so weel !

When thus I had got store of wealth,
I time did not neglect,
But did a stop of payments make,
And so I made a break.

I said I had great losses had,
Though them could not reveal,
For who would be an honest man,
A bankrupt lives so weel!

I keep a house for visiting,
My wife she does drink tea,
For pottage in the morning with
Her health does not agree:

She said her stomach weighted was
By taking of the meal,
Then who would be an honest man,
A bankrupt lives so weel!

My wife and daughters well are drest,
In silk and fattins fine,
They have no need at all to work,
Nor do they thus incline.

We do live in great splendor all,
For which we thank the de'il,
Then who would be an honest man,
A bankrupt lives so weel!

Now all my friends that would be rich,
Take this advice of me,
And my example imitate,
In every degree.

The devil he will learn you how
Your knav'ry to conceal,
For who would be an honest man,
A bankrupt lives so weel !

Be sure to keep a well hung tongue,
Your knav'ry to defend,
And borrow still from ev'ry one
Who will a shilling lend ;

And for a while their int'rest pay,
Thus they'll think you true steel,
For who would be an honest man,
A bankrupt lives so weel !

Then when you have got store of wealth,
Much time do not neglect,
But from before the fifteen Lords,
A sequestration get :

And say that it bad markets was,
That did turn up your heel,
For who would be an honest man,
A bankrupt lives so weel!

To testify your honesty,
Then offer to compound ;
Although that you have thousands got,
Don't give a crown the pound.

And if they call you to your oath,
Swear always that you're leel,
For who would be an honest man,
A bankrupt lives so weel!

When by this means you've got your wealth,
You surely will incline
To thank your father Lucifer,
Who further'd your design :

Wha in auld Scotch is often call'd
The cloven-footed de'il ;
Now who would be an honest man,
A bankrupt lives so weel !

The ALE WIFE's dying Advice.—Sat.

YE'RE welcome neighbour yill wives here,
Ye are the folk that I loo' dear,
Sae to my bed-side a' draw near,
An' or I die,
I'll tell you how I wan my gear ;
Then listen me !

Sic talk to you may no do ill ;
Gif ye'll be quiet an' sit a' still,
I'll tell you how I brew'd my yill,
Whilk was but sma',
Though mony thought wha had nae skill,
It tight an' bra' :

I frae a peck o' malt did brew
A forty pint butt reaming fou ;
This I did do, as I tell you,
For maist part still,
To gar the drinkers o' it trow
It was gude yill.

I did put in my masking loom,
Amang the malt, aft locks o' broom,
Whilk gart it rise up wi' a fume
Their heads unto,
Whilk, I wat, fill'd them bra' an' soon,
A' piper fou.

I keepit aye a gunch o' ham,
Or gude auld cheese, and when fouk cam'
That fuddle wad I thought ought lang,
Wi' it an' bread,
An' butter sa't, I aft did cram
Their wames indeed;

Whilk made their throats to crave them still
For thirst, an' seek the tither gill,
Or else the tither waught o' yill,
Whilk made right aft
Their tongues to clatter like a mill,
Atween ilk chaft.

An' when the broom did tak' their brow,
My conscience rack't and did allow,

To fill the mug no near han' fou ;
And, no to vaunt,
I had the gate fae weel I trow
Yill to decant.

I could a gart it fro indeed,
An' ream up to the tanker's head,
They thought that I gude measure gied,
When they this saw ;
If they did not it drink wi' speed,
It soon did fa'.

When they grew doited wi' the drink,
An' scarce could either gang or wink,
But lie or tumble o'er a bink,
I charg'd them tight,
An' gart them pay o' lawing clink,
Mair than was right.

I did mysel', as I coud do't,
To ilka sort o' drinkers suit,
An' harbour'd ilka worthless jute,
An' thought them funny ;
Their swearing soun't as sweet's a flute,
Gif they had money.

Anither day I did na fear,
 Gif I could but get aff my beer,
 I loot them lie, an' curse an' swear,
 An' vainly clatter,
 Sabbath an' Saturday, its clear,
 Gif I got catter.

When ony travellers cam' the way,
 That I thought lang time wad na stay,
 I brought to them maist partly aye
 (Gif they sought beer)
 The warst I had, an' gart them pay
 For it fu' dear.

An' when they sought a whisky gill,
 I brought it to them wi' gude will,
 Yet scrimply did the short stoup fill,
 To rin't soon out,—
 A meikle glass I brought them still,
 Ye need na doubt.

Gif ever that they did bid me
 A wee sip o' their liquor pree,

I did turn up my finger wee,

An' thum' the gither,

In hopes they wad soon say to me,

Wife, bring anither !

Whilk aft they did, when that they saw

A gill wad na gang roun' them a'.

Though now my back lies at the wa',

An' am far dung,

When I had health, without a flaw,

I had a tongue :

A better hardly e'er could be,

For joking an' for flattery,

I could amraig frae aff a tree

Hae wil'd a bird ;

But now, alake ! I'm gawn to die,

An', 'po' my word,

To die it is against my will,

I rather wad hae bidden still,

An' worked at the selling yill ;

I'm i' the hows,

To die an' be laid i' the till,

Indeed's nae mows.

But since nae better now may be,
Advices some I'll to you gie,—
Aye keep a tongue for flattery,

Whilk can gang fleet,
An' try to play, wi' wanton glee,
The hypocrite.

When ye hae guests inclin'd to gude,
An' when the same hae un'erstood,
Seem aye as in a serious mood,

For this did I ;
An' when fouk come that ye think rude,
The mask fling by.

An' do's they do, this is the scheme
To get ye that bra' wallie name,
O' ilka body's body then,—

When they grow fou,
Do never stick mair clink to claim
Than what is due.

An' when ye buy a cuttie stoup,
Into it put a double doup,

An' this 'ill mak' it had a soup
O' liquor less;
To gar the same rin out in hope
Keep a big glass.

Now thae advices tak' o' me,
An' do's I did in ilk degree—
I'm gawn to slumber; stay a wee,
She's sleeping now!
Yet wakens wi' a greeting eye,
An' whilly lou.

O quoth she, Sirs, what I hae seen!
I had a very irksome dream,—
I thought I saw an unco gleam
O' shining light,
An' to the same was ca'd bideen,
Just this same night.

I thought it was the day o' doom,
An' I to come durst not presume,
Yet I boud come, though ilka loon
O' me did quake—
An' was condemn'd, for brewing broom,
To hell's black lake!

Likewise for haunting drucken groups,
On Sabbath days, and ill fill'd stoups,
An' putting in them double doups;

O ill won gear!

I did awake—my heart yet loups
Mouth high for fear.

Now neighbours, I hae chang'd my tune,
I pray do not as I hae done,
Leave aff the way o' brewing broom;

Be honest still:

I say nae mair, my life's near done—
I'm horrid ill!

Then she did at a pint stoup stare,
That near her stood upo' a chair,
And cry'd, alake, for evermair!

An' gied a graen!

Now she's clean dead, an' nane kens where
Auld lucky's gane.

ODE ON FRIENDSHIP.

A FRIEND to me's a friend indeed,
Who is a friend in time of need,
Who when my wants he doth espy,
Will to his pow'r the same supply.
And when dejection is my turn,
In deep distress will with me mourn ;
And when my cup doth overflow,
Will much rejoice to see it so.
And who will never flatter me,
But still so kind to me will be,
As when he spies in me a halt,
Me secretly to tell the fault.
And in my cause will not be slack,
To stand for me behind my back ;
And who will seek, most anxiously,
My happiness in each degree.
And who will carefully conceal,
The secrets I to him reveal ;
And who will constant love maintain
For me ;—may I have such a friend !

*Remarks on a Countyman's going to a Gentleman's
House.*

N O V.

A Wheen remarks now I wad mak',
Gin they wad wi' a queer lug tak—
The gentle fouks I winna lack,
I you assure;
Yet neither will I claw their back,
Though I be poor.

Weel then, I will begin my plan,—
A carl cam' o'er Davie's lan',
A hazle kent into his han',
Wi' couthie cleeding,
Unto a gentle house was gan,
Thinking on breeding.

Then cam' he to a steeking flap,
Fu cannily he shot it back,
An' queer he leuk'd at ilka crack
That it did gie,
Erch leſt the gentle fouk ſhould hap
To hear or fee.

Turkies an' geese did at him puff,
An' fairly bate an' flap'd his buff,
Yet he durst not gie them a cuff—

Poor simple Semple!
For fear that he should chance to huff
The fouk that's gentle.

Next country John he gade awa'
Unto the door that's i' the ha',
But whether there to chap or ca',
He was na clear;

At last he cam' on ane or twa,
Ane scarce could hear

Though they had been twa ell frae him,
(He car'd na to mak' meikle din,)
Sae canny made his chaps an' thin
Without a clatter;
Mair than a minute he took in
'Tween ilka batter.

I wat he did stan' there lang time,
An' to win in saw nae great sign,
Yet had na will a' hope to tyne
O' winning in;

To whistle then cam' in his min'—
Sae did begin :

An' in a crack twa spaniels cam',
Wha seeing there an unco man,
Wi' apen mouth they then began
To bark an' golley ;
To whistle then he saw was wrang,
An' ru'd his folly.

An' then he try'd to rin an' flee,
But Jingler catch'd him by the thigh,
Whilk made him cry aloud, waes me !—
Great luck it was,
The creechy cook ran out to see
What was the cause :

Wha leugh, but boasted aff the tyke,—
Discharging him the brute to strike ;
To see her laugh he did na like,
At his misfortune ;
Sae in his heart bann'd a' the byke,
An' her for sporting.

She wi' her creechy een did keek,
An' said what is it you do seek ?

Madam, Quoth he, I wad speak wi'
The meikle man.

The door, quothe she, come in and steeke ;
Then in she ran.

Her scornfu' gates he did na loo',
But in he gade ; what could he do ?
An' eke he did the door put to :
 But O, poor Donnet !

He did tak' aff to scornfu' she
 His guude blue bonnet.

She har'ly e'er bade him sit down,
Or put the bonnet on his crown,
But said the laird was i' the room
 Wi' quality,
An' wi' him wad na fash his thum'
 Till after tea.

Then i' the ha' right lang he sat,
Amang the servants, wi' bare pat,
Wha spear'd at him baith this an' that,
 An' did him jeer ;
They had to him right meikle chat,
 No worth to hear

He mony a time sent up a fane,
 Ay, mony a ane, and ane again,
 But few gade up, I think, or nane,—
 Yet man an' woman,
 A' said they had his message ta'en,
 An' he was commin.

Frae hight o' day till the sun set,
 Ae spark o' meat he did na get,
 His back an' wame had near han' met
 He grew fae how;
 But ane amang the scornfu' set,
 Fair fa' his pow!

Unto him did mair pity shaw,
 Than thae his neighbour servants a',
 To tell his master ran awa',
 An' this related ;—
 “ A country man within the ha'
 “ Upo' him waited.”

Wha back again said to him gae,
 An' tell I time yet dinna hae,
 Ere twenty minutes do gang mae
 I'll him wait on ;

Then he cam' down, an' did tell sae
To honest John.

But John I wat he did sit there,
An hour, I trow, an' sunket mair,
Or he was bid gang up the stair ;
At last black Wattie
Cry'd, " up the stair ye maun repair !"
Then pittie pattie

A' Johny's heart begude to play,
For fear he wrang wad do or say,
But yet he had to gang away,
Straught up the stair.
The fate whilk happen'd John that day
Owr mony share.

ON A SUMMER DAY.

WHEN Sol dawns first the cheering ray,
Ashamed darkness flies ;
Aurora hails the new-born day,
And smiles along the skies.

Now Flora's pleasant mantle green,
O'er ev'ry verdant plain ;
And ev'ry bush and flow'r is seen,
While doth the dew remain.

The feather'd songsters now arose,
Who all the night did lie
In nature's bosom, in repose,
And gladly mount the sky :

And warble forth their cheerful lays ;
For all their chief employ
Is to express their Maker's praise,—
Which now they do with joy.

The tender lambs, and ewes with young,
Move on the pastures green ;
The shepherds they had scarcely sung,
When they their flocks had seen.

Till Phœbus starts from Thetis' lap,
And gladdens each green dale,
His radiant beams, each mountain top
Shares with each flow'ry vale :

Which do add lustre to the rose,
And paint all nature fair ;
The fragrant flow'rs their sweets disclose,
And pleasant make the air.

Warm zephyrs breathe a gentle breeze,
And fan the moists away :
The little linnets on the trees
Make vocal ev'ry spray.

The mavis now doth sweetly sing ;
The lark and goldfinch too,
Do welcome in the morning spring.
Nature rejoices now !

The meadows green, with fragrant flow'rs,
Do yield a sweet perfume :
Green woods, green trees, and shady bow'rs,
Are all now in full bloom.

Green willows, by clear murmur'ring streams,
On banks dependent grow—
And fishes, 'mong the sunny beams,
Play in the pools below.

The fields wave yellow o'er with corn :
The verdant landskips boast
Of summer's sweets, and laugh to scorn
Stern winter's nipping frost.

But now the sun goes down a-pace,
And fainter doth display
His beams : he near has run his race
Round the long summer day.

So sets now in the western sky ;
No more his beams so bright
We do behold ; the fowls now fly
To rest the silent night.

Darkness, to silence doth command
All nature, and draws over
A mantle, with her sable hand,
Her beauties all to cover.

No more we hear the feather'd choir,
Nor see the meadows green ;
The fragrant flow'rs we saw before,
This night no more are seen.

All nature wears a fable hue,
In silence all around—
There's nothing heard, excepting now
The night owl's solemn sound.

Man's life is like this summer day ;
When in his infant years,
The morning of his life, I say,
Like this day sweet appears.

And as this day did onward grow,
Until full tide of noon,
So from a child, man grows also
To manhood's fullest bloom.

And as the sun, from noon, his race
Ran down to end the day,
So from youth's prime, man's life a-pace
Doth crumble down to clay.

As darknes over ev'ry rose,
And flow'r, her mantle drew,
So death the human life doth close,
And paints a mournful hue :

And leaves him silent in the dust,
 For worms to be a prey ;
 That house within, remain he must
 Until the judgment day.

ON A WINTER EVENING.

NOV.

WOw ! sirs, but this is a cauld night !
 Our comforts are na single ;
 We're weel had that's in aff the hight,
 At this bra' meikle ingle.

The hills are nae delightfu' sight,
 Whare hail an' snaw do mingle.
 Jenny, stand ye frae out the light,
 The door sneck I hard jingle,
 Surely the night.

Father, quoth she, its Meggy Graham ;
 Wow ! quoth he, an' is't Meggy ?
 Come hither lass, an' warm thi wame.
 I'm just coming, quo' Peggy,—

This night wad mak' a wild bird tame ;
Nae ky 'ill rin for cleggy,
This e'en through snaw, or I'm to blame ;
I wad' to the mid leggy,
Commin the night.

To fin' a stool she made a shift,
Her tail did her beguile,
For frae the same she loot a rift,
Whilk gart the gaitlings smile.

Quoth the guidman, is't ony drift ?
I was na out this while ;
Quoth she, the snaw comes frae the lift,
As it wad co'er a' Kyle
Ell deep this night.

Quoth the guidman, without a flaw
(Though 't be lie like to tell)
When I was young, I saw a snaw
Far deeper than an ell.

The sheep then maist were smoored a',
(I saw the storm mysel.)

Quoth she, how fen'd the fouk ava',
In times fae sharp an' snell,
Think ye, this night ?

Fu' fast a wife ca'd Jenny Stein,
Did at the door then batter ;
They apen'd it fu' fast, I ween—
She cam' in wi' a blatter :

O quoth she sirs, what I hae seen
This night, in Burnock water !
The de'il indeed, wi' my twa een,
Wha through the same did swatter,
Fu' black this night.

Right pale she lookit wi' the fright,
Her een she wide did stell ;
Quoth she, he was a fleyosome fight ;
An', O as he did yell !

I wish I e'er again be right.
Ilk ane did fane themsel,
An' said this is gude Furiday's night,
Strange things to us ye tell,
Janet, this night.

The gaitlings cry'd, the door pit' too,
Mither, an' keep out clutie;
Then ilk ane ran as they coud do,
Fu' fast like ony coutie,

Into a newk themsels to croo,
Whilk was baith black an' footy,
An' i' their gate dang o'er het broo,
Whilk stood within a stoupie,
For haste that night.

Although right fair they brunt were a',
They durst na gie a squeel;
The auld wives roun' the clash did ca',
About the meikle de'il.

Quoth Meggy Graham, I ae time saw
Three fairies dance a reel,
Ae e'ening in my father's shaw,
Aneith the planting beil.
That was a night!

Thus for a while the clash gaed roun',
'bout fairies, de'ils, an' witches,
L

An' how they rade frae toun to toun,
On pussies an' broom switches ;

Till ane spak' out ca'd Marion Brown,
Wha some ca'd aye the Dutches,
An' said ye hae a fleyosome soun'—
The de'il he winna touch us
Ava' this night.

About this clashing nae mair fash,
Ye'll fley a' thae young smatter,
The de'il, as lang's he likes, may swash
For me in Burnock water.

But let us hae some funny gash ;
(Then she began to clatter,)
I hard o' ane, wha had a clash
O' laddies wooing at her,
I tell this night.

She o' the num'er took a note,
The whilk was a gay wheen,—
For ilk ane, on the chamber pot
She made a mark at e'en.

This gart them a' laugh i' the cot,
No worth but Jenny Stein,
An' a' the gaitlings fear forgot,
An' leugh awa' right keen,
At that that night.

After this laugh, quoth Meggy Graham,
Hard ye o' Jenny Couter,
Wha mair is now than four months gane
Wi' bairn, to Johny Souter.

Quoth Janet, that she was wi' waen,
'Tis lang sin' I did doubt her,
But aye fae weel she hid her wame,
Wi' yon blue slug about her,
Nane could ken right.

But will he tak' her, think ye Meg?
Na quoth she, I doubt it—
He has na seen the wally dreg
Sin' in her wame it bouted.

When ance her chastity took leg,
When she spoke o't he houted,

But or that time, I think, quoth Meg,
He had some word about it.

Nane sin' that night.

'Bout mony mae things they did crack,
An' news whilk they did gather ;
Wi' lies they did their conscience rack,
Like ony sheep skin leather.

That night they meikle nonsense spake ;
An' mony a horrid blether,
An' ran some down a hin' their back,
Wha they wad ablins fletcher
Some ithier night.

N. B. I am sorry I have it in my power to say, that the above is too common among country people, in the long evenings of winter. Such a conduct, or rather vain discourse, I make no doubt hath a very pernicious effect, especially on children; as example goes as far, if not farther, than precept. It could therefore be wished, such was refrained from, as it only tends to possess the heads and hearts of those who accustom themselves to such discourse, or rather talking of nonsense, (for such I can only call it,) with idleness, or what is worse, viz. lies, and a slavish fear of the devil. It is surprising people should so fear him, who himself is forced so to fear the true Object of worship. To be brief, children who receive a tincture by those whom they are conversant with, of idle discourse, tattling, and fearful apprehensions of the devil, fairies, witches, and frightful apparitions, too often retain the same when grown up persons.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES

BETWEEN

THE AUTHOR AND THOMAS WALKER.

EPISTLE I.

TO MR THOMAS WALKER.

GET up my muse, ye lazy jaker,
An' twa three lines together yaker,
To ane whilk they ca' Thamas Walker,
A taylor prime,
An' into a' a wally maker,
O' auld Scotch rhyme.

Then up she got as ye will see ;
She'll ablins mak' a fool o' me,
But Tam, gif sic a thing should be,
To my weak muse,
I really wish and hope that ye
Wad grant excuse.

In foreign climes I ne'er did stray,
The muses nine I ne'er heard play,

Nor yet on mount Parnassus lay,
 Nor ne'er did goam
 These waters sweet, dear Tam, I say,
 O' Helicon.

Therefore I'm no a poet bred,
 But this or now ye ablins dread ;
 Yet Thamas, sometimes in my bed,
 When drousy een
 Sleep closely steiks, I try that trade
 A wi fu' keen.

When I hae sped after some time,
 To chiel's like you, I think nae crime
 Ablins to tell a blaud o' rhyme ;
 But Thamas, ye
 At sic like wark I wat are prime—
 Ye far beat me !

Wow man ! ye hae some unco turns ;
 I heard some things ye sent to Burns,
 In whilk ye gae him gay ill purns
 To rid, I think ;
 But what they were, my muse adjourns
 To tell distinct.

Ye're no like some that I could name,
To please the wicked mak' their theme ;
But Tam, what though they raise their fame
Amang that race ;
They in the main are unco lame
When scant o' grace.

'Tis strange to hear, how they can tell
In verse, whilk they gar soun' right snell,
They're poets merititing ay hell,
By wicked rhymes,
An' to the de'il do sell themsel
To please the times.

But Tam, sic warks let us forbear,
Our time is not to be lang here,
We to another shore maun steer
When this life's doon :
O may it be to yon blest sphere,
Ayont the moon !

But if our muse we wad employ,
Then let it be for this, my boy,—

Virtue to praise, and vice destroy,
 As far's we may.
 My muse to me is turning coy,
 Nae mair I say.

But wad ye sen' to me a line
 Or twa, an' I wad tak' it kin';
 Me telling gif ye hae got mine,
 Do, sen' a letter,
 An' for a gill I'll no decline
 To be your debtor.

JAMES FISHER.

Ochiltree, Feb. 2
 11. 1789. 3

ANSWER I.

A E morn the sun was rising hie,
 An' while he blinked bonilie,
 Your line came linking in to me
 Wi' cooper John ;
 Said I, up muse ! here's wark for thee,
 Whilk must be done.

ANSWER II.

I Got your letter, honest Jamie ;
Wou man ! an unco lift ye gie me !
How hie a ferly wad ye hae me !
Come, let me down,
Or otherwise ye must get to me
An air balloon.

I'm hois'd a wally wife indeed,
But I'm sae dizzy i' the head,
I'll no stay lang up here I dread—
An' gif I fa',
My down-come, Sir, to me will breed
I fear, a claw.

What need ye screw me up sae hie,
Just as if nane cou'd equal me,
A man o' mean an' low degree,
Scarce learnt to read,
Yet sic a noise as there must be
About my head.

Soun'ing my praise wi' sic a knell,
Athort the country, like a bell,

Ye'll do mair ill than tongue can—

Mak' me owr proud,

An' gar me think mair o' mysel

Than what I shoud.

Sae far ye need na shoot me ben,
My properties I'm sure I ken,
As weel as ony sinfu' men

Had ever need;

How durst ye ever lift a pen,

On sic a head.

But lest we shoud cast out wi' ither,
(Wha were as thick an' pack the gither,
As ae auld wife had been our mither,)

I must tak' care;

Sae wi' you, Sir, my poet brither,

I'll flyte nae mair.

But since I be a poet prime,
What for need I conceal my rhyme,
Might I not sell athort my fine

Droll harmless glee?

I think this wad na be a crime,—

James, what think ye?

I shudder at the awfu' thought !
A man to sell his soul for nought !—
This world's gear by sic is bought
At countless cost,
Since we can ne'er redeem by ought
A soul when lost.

O thou, my soul, come not unto
The paths wherein destroyers go !
Come not into their secret, who
By wicked rhymes,
Ser' Satan, our infernal foe,
To please the times !

Saints now a-days may weep and mourn,
To think how ages yet unborn,
Will see religion turn'd to scorn
By Robin's books ;
And a' the bible rest and torn
By clergy fouks.

THOMAS WALKER.

Hill of Ochiltree, March

25. 1789.

M 2

EPISTLE II.

HONEST Tamie, dainty chiel,
 I got your lines, whilk I loot weel,
 Fu' blythly I brak up the seal
 To get them read ;
 Could I Parnassus like you speel,
 I wad be glad.

I wat in them were bonny words,
 Some o' whilk maist wad charm'd the birds,
 An' ither some, amaist like swords,
 Did keenly cut
 The ways o' these, I mean absurds,
 Wha wild have wrote.

I waited not to look the date,
 But blythly I a march did beat,
 E'en straught awa, Tam, down the gate,
 Whilk ye ken weel,
 And shaw'd them to our neighbour Pate,
 That couthie chiel.

About the time the school did scale,
 Afore the laddie got his kail,

To read them o'er he did na fail,
An' thought wi' me,
That ye could tell a knacky tale
In poetrie.

Dear Tam, whare got you sic a pow ?
Did it down frae Parnassus row ?
An' on your shouthers, i' the how,
Light wi' a dad ?
Whether or no, may ye lang clow
The same, my lad.

For deep it is like ony dungeon ;
Gaed ye to Heli's well e'er flunging ?
An' o'er the lugs fa in it plunging,
To drink great footh ;
For sips o' it seem to come spunging
Out frae your mouth.

Not sips, but jaus o' wit and glee :
O man, ye're rare at poetrie !
An' aboon a', ye seem to be
Soun i' your morals.
Coud I clim the poetic tree
Wi' bonny laurels,

I soon wad crown thy witty pass.
 Sure, Tam, gif e'er thou wert to fash,
 Thou coud indeed ilk senseless hash
 Fou bra'ly fouse,
 That wi' their gab cry at thee, snash,
 Or prick the louse.

I say, gif e'er ye were to crab,
 Ye soon coud mak' ilk worthless bab,
 Wha cries sic like, to had their gab,
 Or I'm to blame ;
 An' wi' your quill right fairly fab,
 Or blush for shame.

I ken few like ye ony where,
 Ye're sic a denty chiel an' rare—
 Wi' ony bard ye may compare
 That I do ken.

Let me, when ye hae time to spare
 Ken how ye fen.

JAMES FISHER.
Ochiltree, 1789.

This twelve month thou hast lien at rest,
Get up, I beg, and do thy best,
That I may get my verses drest,

Sir, to your pleasing ;
For Fisher, ye're a fash'ous pest
For criticising.

Gif ye were never far a fiel',
But bred aside your mither's wheel,
Wha mount Parnassus ne'er did speel,
Then I'm to blame
Gif e'er I kent o' sic a chiel,
Brought up at hame !

Ye need na plaint upon your muse,
Nor come to me to beg excuse,
Be thankfu' rather, and peruse
Your noble gifts,
An' pity them wha sic abuse,
By wicked shifts.

Ye tell me I am nane o' thosé,
That lead the van wi' heaven's foes ;
'Tis true, my pen does not expose
My soul in sin ;
M

But Oh, alas ! no mortal knows
My heart within !

But let me never lead astray,
Poor mortals on in Satan's way ;
Sic hellish houn's that catch the prey
For him sae fast,
Are waiting on a dreadfu' day,
I fear, at last.

How pitifu' to see the sight—
The sprightly gallant, trim and tight,
Whas head's a shining lamp o' light,
Wi' bonny face ;
An' heart as dark as mirk midnight,
For want o' grace !

That heart is hard that never bleeds,
To see the devil's garden weeds,
Wi' learned lumber in their heads,
Gaun doun the hill,
To get their wages for their deeds,
In torments still.

As sure as twa an' three mak' five,
This is a drift I mean to drive,
To get some feeding for my hive,
 O' feckless fowks ;
But I may tak' the gee belyve,
 For a' my jokes.

I'm aye sae thrang, an' scant o' cash,
An' that Will Who-ca'it, lazy hash,
Took up some drunt, an' wad na fash
 To write for me,
Whilk did na please that weel my pash—
 But what car'd he.

The first time ye gang o'er the gate,
Gie my kin' compliments to Pate,
Wha when I meet him, soon or late,
 Aye sport gies me,—
I scarce e'er saw a fallow yet
 Sae fou o' glee.

THOMAS WALKER.

Ochiltree 1789.

N

A LOVE SONG.

TUNE—*She rose and loopt me in.*

N O V.

FIRST when I saw my Mally dear,
The charmer of my heart,
'Twas in that season of the year
All nature sweets impart.

Flora had deck'd the pleasant bow'rs,
The meads and shady groves,
Painted likewise the gilliflow'rs ;—
Aurora deck'd the rose.

But when like Venus, queen of Love,
My Mally she did stray,
Through each green bow'r and shady grove,
Such sweetness did display ;

That nature seem'd pleas'd with the sight,—
The wing'd musicians sang
Her welcome, and round her did light
On boughs, that o'er her hang :

As if to view her charms—but, 'las!

When Mally did return,
These winged songsters left the place :
All nature seem'd to mourn !

These songsters sweetly warbled o'er,
Their notes on each green tree ;
But Mally's voice a great deal more,
Ravish'd the heart of me.

Through a glass hot-bed you'll see grow,
Flow'rs of the prettiest kind,—
Like manner, Mally's face doth show
The graces of her mind.

Her skin new-fallen snow is like ;
Smiles from her lips arise ;
Her teeth are as the iv'ry white,
And sparkling are her eyes.

Her cheeks like beds of roses be ;
And coal-black is her hair :
Her features all are charms to me.
Few with her can compare.

Her breath perfumed is like myrrh,
That smells of sweetest kind ;
I deeply am in love with her—
She's daily in my mind.

The charms of Mally they were such
I could not them resist,
For they did all my heart strings touch,
Then flam'd love in my breast.

On her my thoughts are in the day,
Likewise when others rest,
My heart is plac'd on her ; O may
She ease a lover's breast !

No cause I have yet to despair,
That she will prove unkind ;
I hope good sense will make the fair
To ease a lover's mind.

ON A SPOTTED DOG.

NOW Spotty's fell'd, poor harmless brute !
Shame fa' the fallow that did do't !
He's naething but a worthless drute :
 I'm no that stark,
Or ablins some time his lug root
 Might get a yark.

A beast that ne'er to man did skaith,
To do sic like he was fu' laith,
The miller's clear to gie his aith
 The same to shaw,
For him an' his he follow'd baith :
 They'll miss him a'.

Where he was bred I canna tell,
Whether anif or yont Dunkel',
I doubt if he did ken himsel',
 Sae dinna speir ;
But that he was brought up right fell,
 His gates made clear.

A blyther cur scarce lap a dyke ;
 Some o' the gates now, gin ye like,
 I'll tell concerning this poor tyke,

Then stay a wee,
 An' dinna be in ony fyke,
 But listen me :—

Ae simmer e'en baith wale an' trig,
 About the mirkning, doun the rig
 A lad cam' to the Fitman-brig,

An' eke this cur,
 An' in next house a' night did ligg ;
 A great demur

Upo' the morn was like to be,
 About the time the sun shin'd hie,—
 The lad his quarters for to free,

Had scarce a groat ;
 Nae shift he had, but Spotty li'
 To pay the shot.

But Spotty he had little skill,
 O' ony house that did sell yill,
 Though there o' meat he got his fill,
 Sae he thought fit

(No counting it the sma'est ill)

Frae there to flit.

At that time he was young an' yaul,
An' hale an' feer in ilka spaul,
Be'ng free frae either scab or cal',

Or aught sic like;

To seek a place wherein to dwell

Aft set the tyke.

An' as he travell'd down a shaw,
Upo' the bent a piece awa',
By chance a lad poor Spotty saw,

Was herding ky—

He thought it fit on him to ca'

As he gaed by.

This herd he was a hearty blade,
An' o' this tyke right meikle made,
Sae a' that day wi' him he bade

At herding still,

An' at the mirkning, wi' him gaed

To the auld mill;

The whilk was this herd laddie's hame,
Sunket then frae his honest dame,

Poor Spotty got to rack his wame—
 His gab she creesh'd ;
 For lucken hands, she ne'er had nane
 To man or beast.

I say she weel his wame did stent,
 An' wish'd that Spotty wad consent
 To bide, an' herd upo' the bent,
 The ky an' ca's ;
 To do that, I wat, right content
 Poor Spotty was.

An' there was ne'er a better dog,
 E'er lick'd an honest carle's cog,
 Or ever yet ran on the fog,
 I'm gay an' sure,
 For turning ky in wood or bog,
 In moss or moor.

An' scarce a dog that chew'd a bane,
 Or ran an' gaped at a stane,
 Was e'er mair wi' a master ta'en
 Than was this tyke ;
 No hardly ane, I say again,
 Mair did ane like.

For mony a time, baith to and frae
The wood wi' him, did Spotty gae,
Thro' heighs an' hows, owr mony a brae,
Through thick an' thin,
He blythly wad a left the lae
To gang wi' him.

But death gainsay'd 'ill be by nane,
Sae straught awa to his lang hame,
Took honest auld James Boyd by name,
Frac his sweet wife—
She wha was Spotty's honest dame,
Wha's yet in life.

An' Spotty he was e'en right wae,
Although he did na raise a bae,
He meikle kyth'd it mony a day,
He scarce was seen
To taste meat in that house, they say,
Or sleep at e'en.

The neighbours weel did ken his way,
About the toun where he did stay ;
I say, they ken'd him to be aye
A mensfu' beast ;
O

Nane needed either lock or key,
For him at least.

He ne'er, like mony fowk, did scout
To neighbour houses roun' about,
To hear ill tales, an' tak' them out,
 To breed up din ;
Nane need a been i' ony doubt
 To speak 'fore him.

An' when he liv'd, right weel I wat,
Few dogs wi' him durst bell the cat,
Though they had been baith strong an' fat,
 Or else, I trow,
Their fairing soun'ly frae him gat,
 Whilk made them rue.

His master's house he did defen' ;
Nae swine, nor dog, nor clockin hen,
Harm durst a doon i' that toun en',
 Whare he did stay,
Or else, fu' weel he loot them ken
 He was na fey.

But now, what alteration's seen !
The time's awa that ance has been ;

Nae farder gaen than ere yestreen,
Or no lang syne,
In amang the kail fae green
Came twa young swine :

An' i' their way, (foul fa their beard!)
As they did rin wi' sic a feird,
They brak the ligget o' the yard,
Ay, a' in smash,—
Poor Spotty was na there to guard:
Foul fa the hash,

Wha fell'd him at the Hy'b'ry mill,
A beast that weel behaved still ;
Had he been doing ony ill,
I leſs wad thought,
But, out o' spite, the beast to kill,
Was mischief wrought.

*An EPISTLE to Miss H. an amiable young
Lady—sent with a Tune.*

DEAR Miss, thou amiable fair,
Possess'd o' charms and virtues rare,
Likewise o' beauty a large skare,
Whilk nae doubt pains
The hearts, or rather doth ensnare
The gentle swains.

In loo wi' you, dear Miss, to fa',
At this I won'er nought ava,
When I think on the air ye shaw,
An' carriage sweet,
When ye, Diana like, fae bra
Walk on the street.

An' on the mead amang the flow'rs,
Or through the woods amang the bow'rs,
Whare linnets roun' ye light in show'rs,
Fu wantonly,
As if to view these charms o' yours,
On ilka tree.

An' chant their notes fu blyth an' keen,
An' glow'r upo' ye wi' their een,
Because amang their dwellings green,
Ablins, I say,
Sae fair a nymph had not been seen
For mony a day.

I say, they do amang the grains
Chant forth their notes in blythsome strains,
As if, amang the woody plains,
They welcom'd you;
I won'er not then though the swains,
When they do view

Your han'some air, an' lovely charms,
Surprised are wi' love's alarms,
An' wish to pres' you i' their arms,—
I mean, dear Miss,
Only in wedlock's lawfu' terms,
To croun their bliss.

The swain that gets ye, sure may sing;
An' they again their lugs may hing,
That ye wi' Cupid's dart do sting;
Maist a' fowk kens

Sic sicknes is a gay fair thing,
An' hardly men's.

Excuse me gif I mak' owr free,
My high respects to testify
To you, an' a' the family ;

This tune I made,
An' your sweet name hae ca'd it by,
Fair lovely maid !

I wish 'twas better for your sake,—
If you accept I'll kind it take :
That now my muse is growing weak,
May be confess'd.
My love unto your parents make,
An' a' the rest.

JAMES FISHER.

A SONG ON CONTENTMENT.

Tune—ROSLIN CASTLE.

COntentment soothes the human breast,
And happiness by it's encreas'd ;
It calms the mind, and cheers the soul—
Who doth not love it is a fool.

It keeps the mind from too much care,
And fans away clouds of despair ;
It makes a man life sweet enjoy,
And doth all discontent destroy.

A man though either rich or poor,
If he has that companion, sure,
That man has still a constant feast,
Of calmness in his mind and breast ;
Of which no man him can deprive.
If this to do should any strive,
All their efforts would prove in vain,
Contentment would the feast maintain.

Contentment is an antidote
Against each evil in man's lot ;
He who enjoys this precious thing,
In midst of trouble still can sing.
It sickness makes appear like health,
And poverty like greatest wealth.
It makes an en'my like a friend—
(O where may I contentment find !)

It sure is not in sums of gold,
Nor is it in vain pleasures roll'd:
No ; but this jewel find ydu may,
By digging deep in wisdom's way.

*An EPISTLE to a WIFE on receiving a Com-
pliment of Eggs.*

GUDE wife, may your hens, black or
broun,
Lang thrive, an' a' about your toun ;
The wally eggs whilk ye sent doun,
 On my wife's rumple,
I hae receiv'd baith hale an' soun,
 Without a dumple.

Fu' weel I loo that kin' o' food,
An' wow, but yours was unco gude !
I laid them in a my king's-hood,
 Wi' gude fresh butter,
Whare I wat they grew flesh an' blood,
 An' that nae whitter

An' now gude wife in Barebellee,
For them I thank you heartily,
When first ye shoot sen' doun for me
 I'll come to shaw
My gratitude, an' help a wee
 To had a paw.

What though I'm no a midwife bred,
An' but a fidler to my trade,
I'll may be help ye to your bed
 O' a lad waen;
An' wha kens, Nanse, but we'll be glad
 O' help again.

I'm bleth'rin now ye'll think, wha kens—
Weel then, I will clod by my pens :
To James, the waens, an' a' the hens,
 My service gie.
Be sure, as soon's ye tak your pains,
 To sen for me.

JAMES FISHER.

*A DIALOGUE betwixt a FIDLER and his
FIDDLE.*

Composed when in Low Annandale.—Sat.

Fidler.

WHAT humming bumming's this ye had?
The Fiddle's either drunk or mad—
Or is't your tongue that fails ye?
Speak out, ye red fac'd glowrin jade,
This breathe an' tell what ails ye.

I'm sure wi' care I do ye keep,
Baith frae the caul', the win' an' weet,
An' yet I hear ye munging;
Tell what's the reason gars ye greet,
Bas'd jade, an' quat your whinging.

Then did the Fiddle vent her way,
Wi' mournfu' tone, an' this did say,—
Fiddle. Alake, for sic a master!
That e'er I kent ye, wal-a-day!
Was I e'er ken'd a waster?

That ye sae fair do pinch my guts,
A will-a-wins, as hunger cuts,
I us'd to be right ranty,
An' mak the youngsters spring like bucks,
But now I'm like Jock's aunty.

In days o' yore, I wat it's true,
Wi' finger flesh I was kept fou ;
But now, fye on your wiggle !
Scarce ony comes within my mou,
Or kittles o'er my craiggie.

Fidler.—Now I hae liv'd o' years ae score,
An' ne'er heard Fiddle speak afore !
(Wha e'er ken'd sic a won'er,
A Fiddle baith to greet an' roar,
An' that for ein doun hunger !)

Yet just I own is your complaint—
But how at me sae discontent ?
Or ken ye wha ye're blaming ?
'Gainst me your ill wal'd words are bent,
The whilk ye are na lame in.

On the right horse the saddle set,
 An' dinna whinge an tak the pet
 Nae mair at me, ye gypsie ;
 Lest frae me ye a lunner get,
 When I hae got my tipsie.

Fiddle.—Wha is it then I hae to blame ?
Fidler.—It is the clergy—fyre for shame !
Fiddle. Wi' sic men dinna meddle ;
 For sure there's nane that bears that name,
 Wad 'rang a harmless Fiddle.

Sae master do yoursel misken,
 An' dinna meddle wi' sic men,
 That be o' that profession,
 Lest they get wot, an' for ye sen'
 To answer i' the session ;

An' gar ye prove a' ye hae said,
 Then ablins ye may rue your rade,
 An' think nae mows sic speaking,
 When on the black stool stan' ye're made,
 An' a' fouk at ye keeking.

Fidler.—Now Fiddle ye maun had your jaw,
Lest I about your neck do thraw,
An' stап ye i' the em'ers,
Or daud your brains out at the wa',
To learn ye better manners.

Nor to impeach me wi' a lie,
An' that upo' the ministry,
The whilk to do I'm sorry ;
But mony kens, as weel as me,
This is owr true a story.

They cause less fidling i' the lan',
The way they let the marriage ban'
Sae aft a days be huddled,—
I like indeed nae sic a plan,
As weddings to be smuggled.

Whae'er has got a guinea bit,
An' by strait kissing maks a slip,
May get for fornication
A wally cloak, frae head to fit,
To answer ony station.

Sic cloaks are made o' hame'art clraith,
 They to provide them are fu' laith,
 Till ance her wame beguile her ;
 Then they get them to co'er a' skaith—
 I doubt auld Nick's the taylor.

For thae my thoughts let this suffice,
 Sic cloaks appear still lin'd wi' lies—
 (Excuse me gif I skellie ;)
 Sic lining may be seen wi' ease,
 Gif ye look on their belly.

Sic cloaks are kin' o' smuggled gear,
 They apenly them dare na wear,
 (Be they ne'er sic a beauty,)
 Till to some Justice they do steer,
 Wha frae them taks a duty.

Nae sooner they are on their backs,
 But quickly there's anither tax,
 Or rather it is tything,
 To lift the clergy are na lax,
 For sic a kin' o' cleething.

They gie to them a mild rebuke,
Whilk gies the thing a better leuk,—
That Sabbath, note their carriage ;
Or I forget, they ca' this cloak,
In our day, private marriage.

Then they an' their attendants a',
Gang hame wi' this cloak in fu' shaw
To feast ; figh, sic a fas'on !
Sic feasts ilk aye may after ca',
Just sic a pair's cloak washin'.

Sic cloaks my Lucky weel might say,
Were not us'd in my Gutcher's day—
What think ye o' them, Fiddle ?
That ye are wranged by that way,
I think need be nae riddle.

Fiddle.—My ill wal'd words, master excuse,
I did far wrang ye to abuse,
For ye gae nae occasion ;
Now deeply ye hae made me muse,
At this your strange relation.

Wha wad a thought the ministry,
Wad e'er a done ought to wrang me;

But oh, sic a proceeding
Is just the thing, I plainly see,
Starves me o' finger feeding.

I wish the clergy may tak head,
They dinna only prove my dead,
(For by their han's I'm dying,)
But by sic ways uncleanness feed,
An' foster meikle lying.

An EPISTLE to Mr JOHN LAPRAIK.

AS I my muse did gently straik,
She in her noddle took a freak,
An' said, 'swith Sir, to John Lapraik
A letter sen' ;
Out o' her head to pit the creak,
I tak my pen.

Sir, since wi' you I'm no acquaint,
Ye'll may be think I am na scant

O' impudence—weel, that I grant,
 Yet me excuse,
For keenly I acquaintance want
 Wi' your droll muse.

At rhymin' wark ye are na lame,
Your beuk right high hath rais'd your fame,
An' far an' brade hath spread your name,
 I hope for good,—
I wat in it there's mony a theme
 O' merry mood.

Ye're a right queer diverting chiel',
Although your joints be stiff wi' eil ;
Up mount Parnassus ye can speel
 Fou yaul, wi' glee,
A miller lift to len' the de'il
 'Gainst Burns, I see.

I wat ye hae a curious noddle,
My muse o' your's wad mak' a model ;
I fain o' you wad learn to toddle
 In poetry ;
At creeping I'm no worth a bodle
 In it, ye'll see.
Q

For fame ye may wi' poets rin,
 When chiels like me maun creep ahin':
 Lang threads ye frae your noddle spin,
 Fu' tight an' prime.
 Are ye o' Ramsay's kith or kin?
 Sae weel ye rhyme!

Did ye drink at Parnassus hill?
 O' Helicon ye hae sic skill,
 In poetry to use your quill!

Or where fuck'd ye
 Sic strong quintessence? at Moor-mill
 Can Heli' be!

I ken wi' you is halsome air,
 I ance was at a Moor-kirk fair,
 But gif that sic a well be there
 Ye'll surely ken,
 For o' it ye hae drunk a skare—
 Witnes your pen,

Dear Sir, I wad be glad to see
 You in my house at Ochiltree,
 Gif that convenient wad be;
 Sir, time allow,

For I like weel to crack a wee
Wi' chiels like you.

These lines fae useleſſ I will en',
Sae now I stop my feeble pen ;—
Wad ye me twa three lines but fen',
I'll tak it kin':
The mony wrangs ye may amend
That are in mine.

JAMES FISHER.

The DEVIL's ADVICE to SWEARERS.—Sat.

MY couthie lads, baith far an' near,
Wha loo to curse, an' loo to swear,
Ye are the lads that I loo dear,
 You at the last
I'll weel reward, ye need na fear,
 When time is past.

For your encouragement, I tell,
The better that ye learn to spell,

Ye'll speak our tauk mair rid in hell,
 When ye come there;
 Ay, that ye will lads, wi' mysel
 For ever mair!

An' now my lads, fu' bra an' dink,
 That ye our language mair distinct
 May learn to speak, afore ye sink,
 An' come to hell,
 Wi' aiths mak a' your words to clink,
 An' soun right snell,

To speak a word be aye fu' laith,
 Till first ye gie a horrid aith,
 Before I mean, an' after baith;
 An', this ye hear,
 Whether ye speak for weel or skaith,
 Be sure to swear.

In bannin likewise, learn this knack,
 To cry on me, be never slack,
 Baith ithers an' yoursel to tak,
 An' ye may trou,
 Though they frae me shoud be kept back,
 I'll no miss you.

For death will come or lang, in fact,
An' help ye on a my humph back,
When doun to hell I'll like a pack,
 Tak' you at ance,
Where routh o' ingle ye'll no lack,
 To heat your shins.

Now faith an' trouth, like auld pea hools,
Or babee dozen button mools,
Are little thought of in my skules,—
 They're sic rife ware,
They're only spoke by waens an' snules,
 That's hard o' lear.

But you wha hae a genius clever,
Your Maker's name in vain tak' ever,
Let damn be in your mouth together ;
 I say, be sure
To damn fouks lims, an' lungs, an' liver,
 This will procure

Mair wage for you, my lads, in hell,
Than ony mortal's tongue can tell :
O then my lads, how ye will yell,
 When ye come there !

When wrapt in flames, close wi' mysel,
For ever mair!

*An EPISTLE to Miss L. an amiable young
Lady—sent with a Tune.*

MISS Jeany, blooming as the rose,
That sweetly grows in May or June,
Thy looks do various charms disclose,
While modesty the same perfume.

Your handsome air, and carriage sweet,
As you walk on the flow'ry ground,
I wonder not though they invite
The swains to wonder all around.

When you do trade the balmy dew,
Where vi'lets fresh do sweetly spring,
The linnets, as if pleas'd to view
Your charms, on each green tree do sing.

Had you liv'd in Paris's time,
He might have left the nymph in Greece,

And ta'en his way for Scotia's clime,
Unto your bow'r near by Dumfries ;

For to have view'd your lovely charms,
Which no doubt might have gain'd his heart,
To have you to his princely arms,
He might have us'd both pow'r and art.

Had he but heard you on the flute,
So charmingly as you do play,
He might indeed, without dispute,
Have carry'd you to Troy away.

A tune, dear Miss, I have compos'd,
And I have call'd it by your name—
It to accept, please be dispos'd,
Although you find it very lame.

I did it make as I could do,
When first that I do come your way,
At your house I will call on you,
And will the same unto you play.

My wife in kindness joins with me,
To you and both your parents dear ;

Them thanking for their courtesy,
A grateful sense we still do bear,

Of all their favours on our minds ;
And now, dear Miss, have me excus'd,
If too much freedom in these lines,
At present with you I have us'd.

JAMES FISHER.

*An ADDRESS to BRITAIN concerning the
SLAVE TRADE.*

GREAT Britain 'mong the nations, sure,
Hath merited applause ;
Of Europe all thou art the flow'r,
For liberty and laws.

The wondering world, far and near,
To be like thee aspire ;
Thy government, and subjects dear,
They greatly do admire.

Thy fame doth captivate the isles,
To be in love with thee—
Yes, isles and continents, of miles
Thousands beyond the sea.

In thee the Gospel doth abound,
Thy blessings they are great ;
The fame doth through the world sound,
Of both thy church and state.

Yet Britain, though thy fame be great,
Spread far beyond the line,
I cannot help, though with regret,
To tell one fault of thine :

This fault, if I may make so free,
Who am thy native bred,
Is in allowing liberty
To deal in the Slave Trade.

This trade thee, Britain, doth disgrace,
And brings on thee great shame ;
Alas, that men in human race
Should deal, who bear thy name !

R

Yet this some of thy subjects do,
On Indies foreign shores,
They buy and sell, like sheep and cow,
Their brethren wild Blackmoors :

Which on thee, Britain, brings great shame,
As I have said before ;
O let not fully'd be thy fame,
By this trade any more !

But stop it, for thou can'st indeed,
And try with all thy might,
To be a mean 'mong such to spread
The glorious Gospel light.

If so, thou may'st expect to be
Long a realm of fame,
And savages, beyond the sea,
Will love Great Britain's name !

*Grateful Acknowledgment, or Thanks to BRITAIN,
for the Liberty of the SLAVE TRADE.—Sat.*

WE foreign traders now enjoy,
Unto a great extent,
Great freedom, for whilk we rejoice,
An' thank the government.

We now may follow thae employs,
Whilk best our hearts content,
To deal in lasses, an' in boys,
Wha's skin nature doth paint
Right black, we say.

Right heighly our ambition soars,
To gather gowd like lilies ;
What though we ken that Blackamoors,
By nature are our billies ?

We buy an' sell, on distant shores,
Them like as mony fillies,
An' them to markets, aft in scores,
Wi' whips that cut like gullies,
We drive away ;

An' sell them like as mony ky,
Whilk stan' within a byre ;
An' we again, wha do them buy,
Ablins a white chiel hire,

Upo' their backs a whip to ply,
An' gar them work like fire ;
They scarce dare fay, though they shoud die,
They're ever like to tire,
The lee lang day.

We let them whore, an' wed's they like,
Wi' mae nor ane at ance,—
We're glad if they can raife a byke
To us, o' wally weans.

Ilk gaitling we name like a tyke ;
When they can gang them lanes,
We mak' their daddies tak' a ryke
O' them, on their auld banes,
For sale away.

An' is't na blythsome like to see,
Twa or three naked bodies,

A little bit aboon the thigh
Bun roun' wi' twa three cuddies,

Weel yoket in a twa horse tree,
By links or stout airn woodies,
Drawing a plough right painfully,
Instead o' bits o' cuddies,
The lee lang day?

We gar them fer'e us like the brutes,
Though they're souk like oursel,
An' mak' them live on husks an' roots;
An' it is true we tell,

Whether the fauls o' sic black flutes,
'Ill gang to heaven or hell,
We never mak' the least disputes,
Gif they can work right fell
For us, we say.

We strive to keep them ignorant
About their fauls salvation,
Lest, by that knowledge, discontent
They shoud be wi' their station.

An' surely now, the government
To thank we hae occasion,
Wha this allows to great extent,
We ought wi' proclamation,
An' do this day.

A S O N G.

TUNE—*O'er the Hills an' far away.*

I.

MY love lives on the banks of Dee,
A sweeter lass I ne'er did see,
She stole my heart an' fancy a',
When first I went to Gallowa'.

II.

Her name in verse I will not tell,
Nor yet the place where she doth dwell,
Although I love her best of a',
Wha has my heart in Gallowa'.

III.

When first I saw my true love's face,
In it there appear'd meikle grace ;
Her comely air, an' sense with a',
My heart captiv'd in Gallowa'.

IV.

She's beautiful, not very tall,
Her visage black, comely withal ;
A sweeter lass I never saw,
Than my love wha's in Gallowa'.

V.

It is some time sin' I was there,
But soon I hope to see my dear,—
To her my mind I will tell a',
When first I go to Gallowa'.

VI.

If she'll prove kind as I'll prove true,
She shall want nought that I can do,
To ease her cares an' troubles a',
When she's made mine in Gallowa'.

An EPISTLE to Mr JOHN RIDDEL,
MUSICIAN IN AYR.

SIR, at your house I made a ca',
That morning or I cam' awa',
But you I neither heard nor saw,
 The sun was peeping;
Yet I think, soun'ly ane an' a'
 O' you were sleeping.

I blyth wad been as ony fillie,
For to hae seen ye, my auld billie,
An' haen wi' you a wee bit gillie
 O' usquebae,
Whilk better had than ony lily
 A smell'd that day.

An' eke a haen a crack an' tune,
An' fae hae dri'en the day near noon,
Whilk I wad thought cam' on right soon,
 For wi' fam'd Riddel,
Indeed I maist coud sit a moon,
 To hear the fiddle.

For wha like you can play fae bonny?
Indeed, I think, there are na mony,
But what may cast their caps at Johny:
 My freedom spare;
At least, I think, there's har'ly ony
 In shire o' Ayr.

But dinna think, Sir, by this theme,
That I wi' laziness ye blame;
Na, that wad shaw me unco lame,
 An' gi'en to scorning,
For may be, Sir, or ye wan hame
 It was the morning.

When I come back, I am a villain
If in my pouch there be a shilling,
Although some business shoud be spilling,
 I'll ca' on thee,
An' hae a tune, an' get a gillin,
 An' crack wi' glee.

JAMES FISHER.

AN ODE ON LYING.

WOW Sirs! it's odd to think, wat-weel!
 Sic routh o' service as the de'il,
 Gets frae right mony we think leel,
 By telling lies;
 To them mair wage than they wha steal,
 He surely gies.

The thing mak's me this un'erstan',
 Is what is ken'd in ilka lan',
 The wark for whilk maist clink is gaun,
 To it engage,
 E'en a' that can get in a han',—
 Fouk loo big wage!

Sae where ane steals, let this suffice,
 There's mony mae than ten that lies,
 Sic servants weel auld Cloutie please—
 He loos their dark;
 Great routh o' wage to them he gies,
 An' constant wark.

Against a bodle I'll find bail,
For twenty mark, if there's a tale
In telling ten times aught 'ill fail,

Gif it be ill;
But rather langer grows a deal,
By lying still.

But what's the wages now, think ye,
Auld reekit Symie he does gie,
Whilk tempts sae mony fouk to lie?

Weel I'll ye tell—
He means to mak', within a wee,
Them heirs o' hell:

An' is na that a tempting wage,
To mak' sae mony fouk engage
In life, to bear the devil's badge,

When they his heir
Will be, o' flames will ne'er assuage,
For ever mair!

On Crying ROUPS on SABBATH.

THE ministers on Sabbath preach,
An' this their congregations teach,
That they upo' the Sabbath day,
At a' shoud neither work nor play ;
Nor about warldly things they ought
To speak, or hae them in their thought,—
But nae sooner they say Amen,
But clinkam aft without, again,
Cries, oyes Sirs, gie ear to me,
I warn ye there's a roup to be,
At sic a place, on sic a day.
Keep mind o't as ye gang away :
For there, I wat, ye'll get to buy
Ploughs, harrows, horses, sheep an' ky,
An' houshold plenishing fu' fine ;
I warn ye a' now, Sirs, keep min'.

Or else some ither lang harangue,
He baldly cries the fouk amang.
O' them some wha weel did na hear,
Ablins will at their neighbours speer,

Upo' the road as they gang hame,
(Nae parish I particular name,) What was't yon clinkam cry'd sae snell ;
Then they wha heard, ablins will tell : To talk sic like they count nae ill,
Because some ministers they still,
Their clinkams apenly allow
To cry sic like, this looks owr true.
It wad a duty be, I think,
For them to stап sic idle clink,
Frae clinking on the Sabbath day ;
To do this, sure, fu' weel they may.
Gif ilk wad but his clinkam tell,
He never mair shoud ring a bell,
Or lift a shool to mak' a grave,
If better he did not behave,
Than cry sic on the Sabbath day,
This might prevent sic trade, I say ;
The kirk door ither on, fu' free,
A paper stick, that fouk may see,
That they a roup are gaun to hac,
At sic a place, on sic a day.
Wha sic allows, in ony case,
Doth on religion bring disgrace.

An EPISTLE to Miss D. an amiable young

LADY.

BLYTH Jeffy ! bonny, young, an' gay,
Mair sweet than ony rose in May,
On you I hae made a strathspey.

Whilk some think bonny,

Gif e'er I chance to come your way,

An' time hae ony,

I will ca' in an' halt a space,
An' gie the uncos o' our place;
Syne draw my fiddle fræ her case,

An' when this doon,

I'll pit first, second, third, an' bass,

A' in right tune;

An' try to let ye hear't wi' glee,
Then may be ye may dance a wee,
Wi' ithers o' your family,

Wha's gude an' soncie;

Yet, after a', wha kens, may be

Ye may ca't doncie.

But gif ye do, wha can ye blame?
For weel I ken it's unico lame,
An' wordy better is your name;

Yet, gin ye shoud
On me for making sic, exclaim—
As weel's I coud

I did it make ; wha coud do better ?
I took the muse when I coud get her,
An' did's she bade, wha durst mis-set her ?

I James Fisher
Am wha wrote this blun'ert letter,
Your weel wisher.

N. B. Now a' the wages I deman',
Are twa three lines frae your neat han'—
Your news to let me un'erstan',

I mean the best ;
My compliments unto Miss Ann,
An' a' the rest.

ON HALLOWEEN.

THE sun was neulins doun the lift,
The ky bun i' the byre,
While chiels did sit in gay gude tift,
Wi hizzies roun' the fire ;—

To crack broun nits was a' their thirst,
Until their teeth did tire,
An' nows an' thans, there cam' a drift
O' younkers through the mire,
To them that night.

When ance a gay wheen chiels were met,
Quoth Jock, wha was right vandy,
I think I will burn gaussie Bet,
Alang wi' neighbour Sandy :

Twa nits then i' the ingle set ;
Quoth a' that's just the dandie ;
She puff'd, when she grew gay an' het,
At him ; she'll be a randie,
Quoth a' that night.

A gaitling unto Saney said,
She'll be a sulky kimmer,
Gif ye get her ye will be laid,
I doubt, to use the timmer.

Wheesh't ! to the waen, then quoth its dad,
Ye little gabin limmer,
Or I'se soon sen' ye to your bed,
As I did ance a simmer ;—
D'y'e min' that night ?

At burning pairs right lang they wrought ;
But ane Meg Graham had hech'd,
Gif she were spar'd, as sure as ought,
To see that lucky night,

She to the barn wad gang, she thought,
An' tak' wi' her a weight,
An' there wad winnow three times nought ;
To do this she gaed straight,
Alane that night.

What she saw there I dinna ken,
But I think she repented
T

That she gaed there, for sic an en',—
Her cheeks right white were painted :

She cam' in wi' an unco sten,
An' near had gaen demented,
An' glow'rd, an' shook, as she cam' ben,
An' very nearlins fainted
Clean out that night.

Her fearsu' gapes, and glowrin een,
Did fley auld Madge her mither,
Wha met her i' the trance that e'en,
As she cam' wi' a fither :

She thought a spectre she had seen,
Sae roun' her a' the gither
She drew a score, an' cry'd, bideen !
Avoid ye!—come na hither
Pale ghost! this night.

Kate wha was drapping in an egg,
'mang water in a kitty,
An' looking at the same fu' gleg,
To see her house sae pretty,

Soon heard the noise, an' wi' a fleg,
To hide did rin some bittie ;
But in cam' Madge, alang wi' Meg,
An' cry'd, it's but your tittie,—
Lass—dinna fright !

After this hurry a' was by,
A younker said right keen,
I think our fortunes we will try,
Wi' water foul an' clean ;—

Then kinkins twa accordingly,
Wi' ilk they got bideen,
An' eke ane toom, and then did tie
Wi' napkins ithers een,
Fu' close that night.

Some plung'd their hands amang the clean,
An' thought they were fu' luckie ;
Next cam' a taylor fidgin keen,
An' daubled like a deucky
Amang the foul ; an cry'd, I ween,
Nae maidenhead for Jocky,*

* Such, or worse vulgar immodest words, are too common among young people when they convene on such a night, in order to celebrate those ludicrous customs, which are nothing

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A weel, quoth he, the like has been,
I dinna care a buckie
For that this night.

Some blinlans to the yard were led
That night, to pu' kail runts,
Some pu'd lang straught anes, an' were glad,
An' some pu'd wee boul'd bunts.

A chiel wha was na owr weel bred,
On Kate pass'd some affronts,
Syne she slipt in an' gaed to bed,
For she had taen the drunts
Fu' fair that night.

Some at a corn stack, neist did draw
Three straes, by ane at aens,
To see how mony they ava
Wad ever hae o' waens :

An' some to winnocks gaed awa',
To hear their sweethearts names ;

but the offspring of black popery and superstition. It is to be feared parents, and masters who have the charge of servants, do not consider as they ought, the pernicious effects of such a conduct.

But Jean Gun got a filthy fa'
Amang the dirt an' stanes,
Upo' that night.

Meg Simm she next to try her lot,
Steal'd out a clue o' yarn,
Sae straught gaed to a deep kiln pot,
Her fortune for to learn :

Within the same she made it stot,
An' wall'd sae weel her arm,
That on the greesh she maist it broke,
Whilk did her meikle harm,
For mony a night.

Twa neighbour cats that liked fun,
There, watch for mice were laying,
Sae wi' the thread that she did win,
Did quickly fa' a playing :

She thought to had he was begun,
Sae this she fell a-saying,—
Wha hads my thread, that was weel spun?
By ran a black tip maying,
Whilk did her fright.

The cats too faught, an' gaed great squeels,
 From a whilk she did gather,
 What hel' her thread was nought but de'il's ;
 Sae light like ony feather

She ran, the tip close at her heels,
 Wha loose was frae his tether,
 An' wi' his horns lent her gude reels,
 Upo' her backside leather,
 Gaen hame that night.

The door she cam' in like a fool,
 An' flang't to wi' a blatter,
 Her heart did nearly burst the hool,
 When she cam'-to to clatter ;

O sirs, quoth she, the ghost o' Cool *
 Has gi'en me mony a batter !
 An' tald the gate—then frae their stool,
 Scarce ane to mak' his water
 Durst rise that night.

* A man, I understand, some time ago laird of that ground, whom some ignorant people suppose to have appeared after his death.

Auld Halbert jied his wig aside,
An' seriously said, Meggy,
On' *Andra Johnston** did he ride,
Wha ser'es him for a naggie?

Quoth she, to look I did na bide,
But, fast as I coud leggie,
I ran, yet wae did me betide,
He lent me mony a fleggie,
Fu' fair this night.

Sunket then at the door did reel,
Ilk's heart lap like a pliver—
Meg rumish'd owr the spinning wheel,
An' swarf'd clean a' the gither.

Ilk wee bit wean fu' lowd did squeel,
An' clasp'd about its mither;
An' scarce a hizzie or a chiel,
Durst part frae ane anither,
Till fair day light.

* One of Cool's tenants

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

Betwixt two SHEPHERDS, JOHNY and SAWNEY.

N O V.

SAWNEY.

COME hither Jock, an' lean ye doun,
An' tell a tale or sing a sang,
Our flocks are feeding near the roun',
I think this while they'll no gang wrang.

Johny. At singing I was never gude,
Nor yet at cracking worth a brose,
Yet I like fouk o' merry mood,
Wha are baith harmleſs an' jocose:—

But since it's fae I maun sit doun,
Whare Sawney, shall I set my hip?
For here awa' the groun's owr soun',—
We'll rather slide to yon burn lip:

Yon'ers a stane wi' velvet fog,
Coer'd owr, whare we may saftly fit—
Sae bring your kent, your plaid, an' dog;
It surely is a better bit.

Sawney. Quoth Sawney, Jock I b'lieve ye're
right,
It is a better bit indeed,
Your noddle it doth help your fight,
Wow man! ye hae a witty head.

Johny. A witty head I never had,—
But gif that ye had said a light ane,
The sentiment had not been bad—
But, weel I wat, an unco right ane.

Sawney. Fy! na, na Johny, say na sae,
For it were telling a' the warld,
That like your head were mony mae,—
But about this we shanna quarrel.

But now, sin' we are a' our lanes,
Are ye soon gaun to change your life?
My meaning Johny, a' at ance,
Is, are ye gaun to get a wife?—

Johny. A wife! na lad, I'm no that fool,
How can ye talk sic idle blethers!
I rather maist wi' spade an' shool,
Wad yarded be, as in sic tethers.

Ay, ay, a wife lad! sae ye wad!—
They're nae sic canny gear I trow;
Mony a man they maist pit mad,
An' force their wedding for to rue.

Sawney. Fy Johny! be na just sae fair
On women, my lad, a' the gither;
Ken ye, indeed, (to fay nae mair.)
A woman, Johny, was your mither.

Johny. 'Deed, some o' them are gude I dite,
Yet weel indeed, ye may ken, Sawney,
They mony a man hae putten geit;
I wat some o' them are na canny.

Sawney. But Johny, surely gif that ye
Coud happen on a loving wife,
She might a comfort to ye be,
An' sweeten a' your after life.

Johny. Dear Sawney, that is true, I grant,
Yet that at best is but a chance,
Therefore I'll rather chuse to want,
As ablins lead mysel a dance.

For now a days, the women a'
Frae laffies are grown up to ladies,
An' for to had them up sae bra,
I think is no for poor herd laddies.

There scarcely is a hissy now,
That works into the barn or byre,
'Mang dirt an' sharn, the hail week through,
But wi' baith silk an' fattins flyre,

At kirk upo' the Sabbath day,
Fu' fine like ony butterfly ;
An' to uphad them, I dare say,
Is no for sicken fouk as me.

Ilk ane a cap an' cloak o' silk
Has got, as if she was a lady,
An' that indeed, o' nae sma' ilk,
Though a ploughman was but her daddy.

An' though se'en merks the scarce can win
 The hail year!—cease sic idle blethers!
 I rather wad be loose as bun',
 I say, wi' ony fiken tethers.

Sawney. 'Deed, what ye say is nae great lie,
 I ken some o' them is nae mows,
 But this discourse we shall let be;
 Ken ye gin Tam has sell'd his ewes?

Johny. Sell'd his ewes! do ye no ken,
 (Or do ye for the fason speer?)
 That Laurie cam' wi' twa or three men,
 The tither day, an' pun'd his gear?

Sawney. Pun'd his gear! strange!—I ne'er
 indeed

Hear'd o't; think ye it can be true?

Johny. Think ye, that ony body gied
 Me funket for to lie to you?

Ye see the fruits o' being wed!
 For his indeed, wi' getting fleg'ry,
 Has made his fortune a' this bad,
 An' brought the body just to begg'ry.

But I see my sheep's a' gaup wrang ;
Farewel ! I manna wait nae langer.
He whistles, Spotty come alang :
Then thae twa herds did fin'ry daner.

A RIDDLE.

A BURN, like Jordan long ago,
Did a' its sides an' banks o'erflow ;
Sae rapidly did rin this Burn,
It nearly did the kirk o'erturn,
An' a' the clergymen swoop doun ;
The kintry a' did hear its soun' ;
Its waters raise sae high an' keen,
They very near had wet the king.

Next frae its side, upo' the muirs,
Arose a *Drake*, untaught to lures ;
This ancient auld grey headed Drake,
Flew through the kintry wi' a squeak :
A *Camel* too, not lang ago,
Likewise did through the kintry low,—

Ane wad hae thought, to hear its phrase,
It had been cav'd in ancient days.

Its lowing, if I weel think on,
Resembled much the Persian tone.

A Bull, that was bred near the Burn,
Roar'd through the kintry in his turn.
These won'ers a' o' late hae been,
The like in Scotlan' scarce were seen,
Sin' Hamilton an' Allan's days;
The kintry a' did on them gaze.

A Fisb, wha a' this time lay dern'd
Within his halls, by few discern'd,
Thought next appearance for to mak',
The kintry's fancy for to tak';
But wi' the Bull it coud na roar,
Nor wi' the Camel, nam'd before;
Nor flee like to the Drake, I say,
Nor durst it i' the big burn play,
Lest a black chiel shoud wi' his angle,
It in its muddy streams entangle,
An' break its cholars wi' a reel,
An' pit it into his deep creel;—
It rather chose the clear wee streams,

Refreshed by bright sunny beams,
That safely it might tak' its way,
An' gif that ever it shoud play
In streams offensive, it may be
Forgi'en, because it canna see.

S O N G.

TUNE—*Johny's Grey Breeks.*

I OFT think on my lover's charms,
Her handsome air and carriage o,
And wish to have her in my arms,
And get that right by marriage o.

Chorus.—*But soon, I hope, the time will be,*
When I shall gang right cheary o,
Out o'er the muir, again to see
My bonny blythsome deary o.

The sweet words I have heard her say,
I oft think on wi' pleasure o,
And lang to see her ilka day ;
But time slips on wi' leisure o.

But soon, &c.

Her eyes they do like di'monds shine ;
 Her cheeks like spreckled roses o ;
 Her teeth are like the iv'ry fine,
 An' mind me o' white posies o.

But soon, &c.

Her lips are of a rosy red ;
 Her breath to me smells sweetly o ;
 The bonny hair that's in her head,
 She ay snoods up fu' featly o.

But soon, &c.

She always dresses neat and clean,
 According to her station o ;
 She should be queen if I was king,
 Of this or any nation o.

Now soon, I hope, the time will be,
When I shall gang right cheary o,
Out o'er the muir, again to see
My bonny blythsome deary o.

F I N I S.